If

If I could write what I feel,
And not be burdened by heavy words.
If I could simmer through pain and tribulation,
Yet not wince an inch about it.

If I could leave a talk midway,
And yet not let silence take its place.
If I could be right inside and out,
But not care for rightness' sake.

If I could fly high, be knocked down
In a blink of an eye,
But still rise, despite the bruises,
With the brightest of smiles.

If I could be scammed to the last of dime
And yet never deal in fake.
If I could be wronged a million times,
But never return the favor the same—

Then I shall be proud, my son,
To be called a man, in the end.

- *Biplav Kafle*

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